HOW THEY CRITICISED.

As I once was out a-walking on my farm, I heard a talking And very slyly tiptoeing, I hid behind

For an animal conventiou claimed my curious attention And I feared if I were noticed it would break

it up, you see There were pig and fowl and donkey, and colts

so tall and lanky, And a goose of vast importance that was sitting in the chair: For they all had met together to discuss their

faults and whether There was any one among them they could easily repair.

Rose a duck, and said, "You waddle, my friends, you widdle-waddle Whene'er you try to walk about. I say it for

your good."

"And apropos of that, dears," squealed a pig, 'you'rs much too fat, dears, And your greediness in eating is a fact well

Said a colt, so cross and grumpy, "Your knees are big and lumpy." Quack, quack!" pronounced the chairman

vour voices are too rough." Cried a turkey, "Gobble, gobble! ere you get into a squabble. Remember self-importance in itself is fault

enough. Then rose a lamb so fleecy. "I'm sure 'tis not

He humbly said, "to cure the faults of others as our own. If we our evils seeking-" But, braying

quacking, squeaking, His angry friends quick fled away, and left the lamb alone.

I nodded very sadly, and woke up, oh, so gladly! And pondered the dream-lesson as I there on the grass. Confessing it is daring to assail with blame

unsparing The faults that, I am fearing, would be quickest in appearing,

If we only took a peep into a moral looking--Clara L. Burnham, in Youth's Companion-

THE POSTMASTER'S CAT.

Mr. Potter "set every thing," as he said, by his cat, she was such an uncommonly smart one; and, then, she thought so much of him. He was the Postmaster, and the cat lived in the post-office. She had come to himwhere from he never knew. She just walked in one morning-a poor, forlorn, half-starved creature, showing by rubbed herself against his feet, then climbed to his shoulder and there turned with her whiskers then with her tail, and purring loudly in his ear. That that hour her home was in the B. Harris, in the Christian Union. post-office; every body knew her and petted her, and admired her, for, under such good treatment, she soon became plump and beautiful, and her fur, which had been dingy, grew to be as white as snow. She had not any but white hair on her; from the point of her dainty ears' to the tip of her tail. Mr. Potter began to call her "Charlotte," while he could be thinking of a suitable name for her; and the result was that he fell into the way of saying "Sharley" when he spoke to her, and that settled the matter. She became a fixture of the office, never wandering off, but slept there, and there took her meals, which he brought to her three times a day as regularly as he had his own. Her bed was in a cushioned chair in the inner room; but her usual place of taking a nap in the day-time was in the little opening through which the mail was handed out, where there was a place just wide enough and long enough for her to curl herself up in without being in any body's way, and as all the town's people who came for letters had become used to seeing her there she did not have to apologize.

When she was awake, however, she was thoroughly so, and full of pranks, especially about the time the mail was being made up, when she would walk over the letters Mr. Potter was stamping, if she could get a chance, sometimes getting her paw stained with the blue ink he used, and blurring the postmark; so that if you ever received a letter from Georgetown with a suspicious looking track across the name, you may be sure that Sharley had a hand, or rather, a foot in the business.

One day-it happened to be the first of April-the Postmaster had an unusual amount of packages to send off. being garden seeds and cuttings for a florist who did business through the and flurried or he would have seen what mail, and he was very much hurried Sharley was about. That enterprising animal was poking her head into the mail-bag, smelling the various kinds of seeds and things that went in; and finally, exploring further, she went in

Then she gave a desperate cry, for that authorities have forbidden the sale of have no food but what the neighbors were suill more astonished when they such unusual treatment, will be handed are inevitable." A very serious accisaw this unusual object among the par over to the distillers.

cels. As for Sharley, she blinked a little, then, nothing terrified-for was she not used to the Post-office department? about to turn her out into the street, or in a tin. get a boy to kill her, when, noticing a

missing beyond call for two hours since This will make three pies. he had had her. Every body who came inquired. Had some dog killed her? nut. To be used while fresh. No, she must have been stolen? But he would make one more search-up in the on the floor-just then it was that something came into his mind: "Dear me!" he said to himself, "That's it; it is! She went off in the mail-bag that morning. She was smelling among the papers of seeds. Well! If that don't beat all! Poor Sharley! What has become of her? I never shall see her again."

Then it occurred to him that the bag could not have been opened this side of Jackson; and he telegraphed to the Postmaster there, "Was there a white cat in the mail-bag yesterday?"

It seemed such an absurd thing to do, after he had done it. But the answer

"Yes. What shall I do with her?"

" Send her by return of mail." That night of all the people waiting to see what the mail brought them not himself; and no one was more glad than her looks that she had been abused by he when he saw amid the contents of somebody-went directly up to him, the bag a paste-board box which seemed to have the power of moving itself about. He cut the string that held it, before round and round, wiping his face first touching another thing, and out darted Mistress Sharley—a little thinner, but soups. The bones of a turkey, from not much scared-and making one which all the meat has been cut, or the

A Tax on Knowledge.

unknown luxury, sprang into existence. aside. The "tax on knowledge," as it was aptbut the rich from enjoying the privilege of reading newspapers.

The United States Government has imposed in this country a tax on knowl edge. And it is not done, at least that is not the effect of it, for the sake of simply prohibits the importation of per makers, and is equivalent to a subsidy voted by the people into the pock. ets of the paper manufacturers. Congress should either remove this "tax on knowledge" or vote the newspapers a subsidy equal to the additional amount are forced to pay for their white paper. practical measure, but it would open the eyes of the American people to the fact of their now paying a subsidy to the white-paper makers.

Abolish the tax on knowledge! Give the community the right to obtain their information from all sources at the lowest price! For this tax does not affecnewspapers alone. It will soon be felin the increased cost of school-books. magazines and all other kinds of publithing enormous, and there is not an intelligent family in the land but is interested in striking off this tax on knowledge.—Detroit Free Press.

herself, working herself out of sight, so Garonne, France, while recently en-feeding and clothing school children and that by the time he had pushed the last gaged in tasting his wine, came to a large helping the sick and aged. The first parcel in not so much as a wag of her vat of the last vintage, and was shock- day the new industrial school at tail betrayed that she was there. So the ed at what he described as its "fantastic Ardbear opened over 300 children bag was locked, shouldered by the boy flavor," He accordingly allowed it to applied for their breakfast. Owing to in waiting and carried down and put run off into other vessels, and proceed- the want of funds only seventy can now into the express car just in time, and ed to examine the bottom of the re- be fed. The Sisters of Mercy are givceptacle, when, to his horror, he dis- ing breakfast daily to 120 children, and Sharley had her ride of 30 miles to covered the body of one of his own are doing wonders in the way of cloth-Jackson, when the bag was tumbled out workmen, who had mysteriously disap- ing and nourishing the sick. Fever has on the platform, picked up as the train peared last October. The comforting broken out at Carna. Four families are went on, and tossed into the office there. piece of intelligence is added that the stricken down in one villiage. They last thump hurt; and the contents were the wine, but the sequel is less satisfac- give for charity." The writer added poured out quickly enough by the as. tory to brandy drinkers, who learn that that "unless employment is provided tonished Postmaster and his clerk, who the fluid, which has been undergoing in a fortnight, deaths and disturbances

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

MOLASSES GINGERBREAD.—Two cups she established herself on the table, of molasses, four teaspoonfuls of sodavery much at home, and began to dress one taplespoonful of salt, one cup of smack. When passing Slyne Head, off her rumpled fur. The men were angry, water, two tablespoonfuls of ginger, a Errismore, the hooker was boarded by believing that somebody had been play- small piece of butter, and use flour ing a joke on them, and, as soon as the enough to make a little thicker than They declared they were starving, and mail had been distributed, they were griddle cakes. Put two large spoonfuls

narrow brass collar round her neck, grated rind of two lemons, two cups of The raiders tried to drag the hooker on they concluded to shut her up till morn- water, two cups of sugar, half cup of the rocks, but were daunted by the dising, and then, if the expressman or butter, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of play of firearms. They broke open the route agent could not explain the mat- corn-strch. Boil the water, and soften hatches, saying they wanted nothing but ter, she should be drowned without de- the starch with a little cold water. Stir the relief meal. The master said it in when it boils, and pour on the sugar was at the bottom of the boat, and that Meanwhile Mr. Potter was in great and butter. When cool add the eggs the bags of meal on the top belonged concern about her. She had never been and lemon. Bake with two crusts. Clifden merchants, and had their names

for the mail asked what had become of sugar, three eggs (beat together until suaded to leave without taking any Sharley; they were so used to seeing light), three tablespoonfuls of water, thing. The hooker arrived safely at her that they expected her to be in her butter the size of an egg, one and one- Clifden. It is rumored that a gun-boat place in the delivery window. Her half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of will be sent to cruise in Galway waters master answered that he thought she soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream- for the protection of provisions arrivwould make her appearance, though he tartar. Bake in three jelly pans. ing by sea. was afraid somebody had stolen her. Dressing .- One pint of new milk-two Two days passed, and no word about tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, one-half her; he called, and he hunted, and he cup of sugar, butter the size of a wal-

tin dish with good pie crust (not very it was noticed that they often looked at loft over the room, in the wood closet, rich). Cut the veal into small pieces each other as if almost certain that they in the table drawer, in that old mail-bag and put in a pan with a little fat salt had met somewhere before. Finally pork cut into bits, two tablespoonfuls of one of them got up and said: flour, salt and pepper to taste, and mix all well together, then fill the pie-dish like yours. Did you ever have a brothand pour in water until you can see it er Bill?" rising in the dish; cover with your crust, cutting a little hole in the center, and bake one hour in a moderate oven. Very nice cold for lunch, or hot with vegetables.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD.-MIX one pint of Graham flour and one pint of one was so anxious as the Postmaster bread-pans and will require an hour or tough. About how much do you think longer in a moderate oven. Rye flour is fair?" may be used instead of Graham. If The other wiped a tear from his eye, the bread is too sweet, take less molas- spat across the stove, and replied:

ses and fill the cup up with milk. Sours.-Only practical cooks know how little meat is needed to make good tax on English newspapers which after all boil together three or four hours. to see who pays for the drinks." ished, the prices of journals were re- is always acceptable, and is an economi- sciences.—Detroit Free Press. duced to six cents and four cents, while cal dish. The bones should not be put penny or two-cent papers, hitherto an on the table. Take them out and set

ly termed, had absolutely prohibited all An Appalling Picture of the Distress in Ireland.

A letter from Clifden, in the extreme west of Galway County, written on the 23d of January, has been published at Dublin, which gives a terrible picture of the position to which things have alrevenue. The Government derives ready come all through that region: scarcely any income from the tax. It "Last evening Clifden presented an appalling picture. Crowds of ragged. cheap paper, or by a tax on the ma- famished men and women thronged terials so increases the cost of cheap pa- around the doors of the meat-shops clamper as to enhance the price of newspa- oring for food. Many had waited up a'pers. It is imposed in behalf of the pa- through the night in the bitter frost besieging the houses of the Relief Committee. Several thousands flocked into town during the day, demanding relief. Several men seized members of the committee, crying: 'We are starving: we must have food!' The police had to which, in consequence of the tax, they be called in to clear the meat-shops of the mob. They gathered threateningly We do not urge the alternative as a around the house where the Relief Committee were sitting. The Rev. Mr. Corcoran had to address them from the window, imploring them to give the committee two hours to arrange. The crowd dispersed for a time. Five hundred relief tickets for a half bag of meal each were issued the previous day. There were still applications unprovided for. Knots of men and women remained in the street until midnight, though the air was intensely cold. The committee's resources are now exhausted. They are £50 in debt for meal. The demoralizing influence of relief in charity instead of work is already making itself painfully felt. A VINEYARD proprietor of the Haute Charity has more than enough to do in dent is also reported. The Liverpool

Committee of Relief had forwarded ten tons of Indian meal for Clifden, which were being conveyed around the coast from Galway in a "hooker," or fishing a crowd of men who came out in boats. demanded the relief meal. The pilot said he had but one life to lose, and LEMON PIES.—Take the juice and would lose it in defense of his vessel. on them, and that it would be piracy to WASHINGTON CAKE.—One cup of touch them. They were finally per-

An Even Thing.

The other day two strangers were toasting their shins on opposite sides of VEAL PIE.—Line the sides of a deep a big stove in a ferry-wharf saloon, and

"Stranger, I've seen a face almost

" Yes."

"Was he a sailor?"

"He was." "Did you hear of him last about ten

years ago?" "Yes, just about ten years ago."

"Stranger," continued the first, seemcorn meal, half a pint of molasses, a ing greatly affected, "I've sailed with pint of sour milk, and a teaspoonful of your brother Bill. We were wrecked salt into a stiff batter. Dissolve two together on the Pacific, and before help teaspoonfuls of soda in a very little hot came I had to kill and eat him. I knew water and stir it in thoroughly-then you must be related. I'm awful sorry put the bread into a deep round pan, it was your brother, and though I was well greased, and steam for two hours driven to it and the law can't touch me and a half, after which bake for half an I'm willing to pay you damages. Be hour, or, it may be baked in ordinary kinder fair with me, for Bill was old and

"Stranger, where is your dad?"

"Been dead these twelve years." "Died in Nevada, didn't he?"

"Yes, out there somewhere." was just the kind of confidence to please spring landed on his shoulder, whence, rib bones of a hind quarter of mutton his son the minute I saw you. He and I him; and, being a man who was fond after walking about a few minutes, she from which the meat has all been re- were in a mine, and one day as we were of animals, he patted her, and seeing made one more move to her old place, moved, make good soup. The bones going up in the bucket I saw that the where, complacently purring and dress- from a roasted piece of beef, or of mut- old rope was going to break under the bought her a piece of meat. That was ing her fur, she received the congratuton, make good soups. It is better to strain. When we were up about 200 the beginning of their friendship. From lations of all the by-standers.—Amanda boil the bones the day before using the feet, I picked up your old dad and dropsoup, so as to take off every particle ped him over. It was bad on him, but fat. Put turnips, carrots, onions, with it saved me. Now, you ate my brother a cup of rice, into the pot soon after it Bill, and I murdered your dad, and I For many years there was a stamp- begins to boil the second day, and let guess we'd better call it even and shake

> a long agitation was abolished in 1855. When ready for the table, have a slice They shook, drank, and the old lake Previous to that time, the price of each of bread ready toasted, cut into small captains who could not tell a lie had to number was 10 and 12 cents of our mon- square bits, and put into a plate or dish sit back and realize how sad it was that ey. As soon as the stamp-tax was abol- for the table with the soup. Good soup they were born with such tender con-

> > DISTANCE ALL COMPETITORS. The dairyman who uses Gilt-Edge Butter Maker will increase his product 6 per cent. improve its quality 20 per cent., and distance all competitors who do not use it. 25 cents' worth of the powder will increase product and market value of the same \$3.00. Can you make a better investment? Sold by grocers, druggists and general storekeepers. Send stamp for "Hints to Butter-Makers." Address, Butter Improvement Co., Buffa-

> > Montreal Heard From. R. L. Mosely, of Montreal, Canada, certified Sept. 27, 1879, that he had suffered terribly from dyspepsia, and was completely cured by taking Warner's Safe Bitters. He says: "My 27, 1879, that he had suffered terribly appetite is good, and I now suffer no inconvenience from eating hearty meals." These Bitters are also a specific for all skin diseases.

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